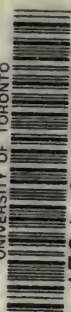
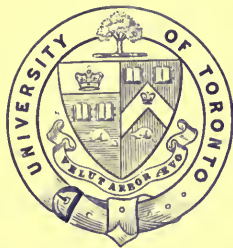


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J. Hayman inv. et delin.

J. F. Ravenet Sculp.

F A B L E S

FOR THE

FEMALE SEX.

by
Edward Moore and Henry Brooke.



277264.
1/9/32

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russell-Street, Covent-Garden;
and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXXI.

THEM A L...

Handwritten signature

1834

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111

P R E F A C E.

THE following FABLES were written at intervals, when I found myself in humour, and disengaged from matters of great moment. As they are the writings of an idle hour, so they are intended for the reading of those, whose only business is amusement. My hopes of profit, or applause, are not immoderate; nor have I printed thro' necessity, or request of friends. I have leave from her Royal Highness to address her, and I claim the Fair for my Readers. My fears are lighter than my expectations; I wrote to please myself, and I publish to please others; and this so universally, that I have not wish'd for correctness to rob the critic of his censure, or my friend of the laugh.

MY intimates are few, and I am not solicitous to increase them. I have learnt, that where the writer would please, the man should be unknown. An author is the reverse of all

P R E F A C E.

other objects, and magnifies by distance, but diminishes by approach. His private attachments must give place to public favour; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natured attempt of being thought wiser than himself.

TO avoid therefore the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me, that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of Gustavus Vasa. Let the crime of pleasing be his, whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

T A B L E

T A B L E

O F

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in Strand

1734

Price 1s. 6d.

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1734

VIII



F A B L E I.

The EAGLE, *and the Assembly of*
BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness the Princess
of *W A L E S*.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, *Fair Excellence*, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours,
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths, that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood ;
Your monument if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise ?
I echo not the voice of Fame,
That dwells delighted on your name ;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain ;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent, in charity, my spite,
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous as they pass ;
Should folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true ;

If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page,
While ſatire, that offends the ear
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.

Premiſing this, your anger ſpare,
And claim the fable, you, who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions prefs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd ;
By ſpecious lies the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd ;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.

Jove grants their suit. The Eagle fate,
Decider of the grand debate.

The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.

Says he, prolixity of phrase

You know I hate. This libel says,

“ Some birds there are, who prone to noise,

“ Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice,

“ And skill'd to chatter out the hour,

“ Rise by their emptiness to pow'r.”

That this is aim'd direct at me,

No doubt, you'll readily agree;

Yet well this sage assembly knows,

By parts to government I rose;

My prudent counsels prop the state;

Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart
In virtue's sufferings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller said true;
“ Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
“ Who knew no int'rest but their own;
“ Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
“ Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd.
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the slanderer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be mis'd,
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
He flew across the new-fown corn,
A screaming boy was fet for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;

Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.

The Owl arose, with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the case.

That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,

Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
He libels not, who strikes at these;

The slander's here—" But there are birds,
" Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;

" Blund'ers, who level in the dark,

" And always shoot beside the mark."

He names not me; but these are hints,

Which manifest at whom he squints;

I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,

To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence ! the Eagle cries,
 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies ;
 The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 Secur'd by innocence from harm ;
 While guilt, and his associate fear,
 Are startled at the passing air.

4

The weather being very fine
 we went to the park
 and saw many beautiful
 flowers in bloom
 and the children were
 very happy to see
 the old man who
 had been there for
 many years.

2



F Hayman inv

C. Grignon Sculp

F A B L E II.

The PANTHER, *the* HORSE, *and*
other BEASTS.

THE man, who seeks to win the fair,
(So custom says) must truth forbear;

Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,

And raise the goddess to the sky.

For truth is hateful to her ear,

A rudeness, which she cannot bear.

A rudeness? Yes. I speak my thoughts;

For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Cloe, then am I,

Who love you, and yet cannot lie!

And still to make you less my friend,

I strive your errors to amend!

But

But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
 Your taste for flattery I could please,
 And families in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine,
 What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the opening rose?
 Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
 Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
 Time every beauty will invade.

The

The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r resembles you ;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing.
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last ?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast ;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity ;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art ;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known,
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth, that virtue can bestow.

These

These are the charms, which ne'er decay,
 Though youth, and beauty fade away,
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent
 This blunt address to you is sent?
 I'll spare the question, and confess
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude, while you are vain.

BENEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A Panther of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)

With

With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.

Where e'er she mov'd, a fervile crowd

Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd :

Assemblies every week she held,

(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,

Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,

And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,

Encircled by the spacious ring.

Low-bowing, with important look,

As first in rank, the Monkey spoke.

“ Gad take me, madam, but I swear,

“ No angel ever look'd so fair :

“ Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,

“ You were not quite divine till now ;

“ Those

“ Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!

“ O, close them, or the gazer dies !”

Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
I vow, and swear, you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate;
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;

Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose generous heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke.

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt, or hate;

For

For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends ;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules ;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm ;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape ?

He said, and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and fought the plain.

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F A B L E III.

The NIGHTINGALE *and* GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks
disclose

The lilly, and the blushing rose,

From public view her charms will screen,

And rarely in the crowd be seen ;

This simple truth shall keep her wise,

“ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

ONE night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,

Contemplating her glitt'ring train,

Cry'd, sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects, that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke.

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

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CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It is divided into three sections: the first dealing with the history of the subject, the second with its present state, and the third with its future prospects. The author's object is to show that the subject is not only of great importance but also of great interest. He does this by pointing out the many ways in which it affects our lives and the progress of our civilization. He also shows that it is a subject which has attracted the attention of the most distinguished minds of all ages and nations. The book is written in a simple and plain style, and is intended for the use of students and the general public. It is hoped that it will be found to be a valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

CHAPTER II

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F A B L E IV.

HYMEN, *and* DEATH.

SIXTEEN, dy'e say? Nay then 'tis time,
Another year destroys your prime.

But stay—the settlement! “That's made.”

Why then's my simple girl afraid?

Yet hold a moment, if you can,

And heedfully the fable scan.

THE shades were fled, the morning blush'd,

The winds were in their caverns hush'd

When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
 Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
 Behind him, through the green-wood shade,
 Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
 Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
 Out-went his pace and join'd his side.
 The chat on various subjects ran,
 Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
 Mortal reluctant must obey,
 Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
 And thy too partial hand arraign?
 When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
 All over stuck with equal darts,
 Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
 And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd ;
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;
Then let the charge be justly laid ;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends ;

Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me ; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release ;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke ;
By me, your crowded altars smoke :
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.

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[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a historical document or a page from a book.]



F A B L E V.

The POET, *and his* PATRON.

WHY, Cœlia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?

Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide

Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?

How ill that dress adorns your head,

Distain'd, and rump'd from the bed!

Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,

A little water might displace,

As

As Nature every morn bestows

The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.

Those tresses, as the raven black,

That wav'd in ringlets down your back,

Uncomb'd, and injured by neglect,

Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?

Pray, madam, are you married ?—Yes,

Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,

No matter now how loose your dress is ;

The end is won, your fortune's made,

Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas ! what pity 'tis to find

This fault in half the female kind !

From hence proceed aversion, strife,

And all that sours the wedded life.

Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then, and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your husband's love,
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;

So shall you keep alive desire,
 And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
 Apollo, and the Muses there ;
 Thro' all the town his praises rung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung ;
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
 And with poetic fury fir'd,
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,

And

And fought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent and brought him home;

Behold him at the stately board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the generous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politicks and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With

With just contempt his patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart,
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools, alone despise
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

With all accounts of force and

And that with all the rest

The first of these is the

But the second is the

It is the third is the

And the fourth is the

There are four in all

And the fifth is the

And the sixth is the

And the seventh is the

And the eighth is the

And the ninth is the



J. Hayman Inv. et delin.

P. Mosley Sculp.

F A B L E VI.

The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shewn;
To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;

Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled-seat of care,
And pines with anguish, and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thin'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;

But

But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam ;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew,
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the Dam bespoke.
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near ;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood ;

And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
 Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
 You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
 A Wolf's address——In her I live;
 Love from her eyes like light'ning came,
 And set my marrow all on flame;
 Let your consent confirm my choice,
 And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
 What midnight robber dare invade
 The fold, if I the guard am made?
 At home the shepherd's curr may sleep,
 While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;

Now

Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,

Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold ;
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
And at the Glutton's table carv'd ;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast ;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat ;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way ;
Fear wings his flight ; the marsh he sought ;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws ;
Food must be had, and lamb is nigh ;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride ?
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace ?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground ?
Thou trait'refs vile ! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood !

So faying, on the Lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

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F. Hayman inv. et delin.

C. Mosley sculp.

F A B L E VII.

The GOOSE, and the SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air ;
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies, which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
 The face, which nature's pencil paints !

Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart !
Where freedom, and good-humour fit,
And easy gaiety, and wit !
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight :
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love ;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care
That forms you, in effect, less fair ?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom, that emulates the rose,

Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the croud,
At ev'ry public shew are seen,
With look awry, and aukward mein,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art ;

Trust

Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud, and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!——the stand'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.

That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!

If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.

Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we see!—
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So faying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.

Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.

Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou had'st escap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest, hobbling goose.

Learn hence, to study wisdom's rules ;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools ;
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

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F A B L E VIII.

The L A W Y E R *and* J U S T I C E .

L O V E ! thou divineſt good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know !
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant luſt uſurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To leſſen ills, and heighten joy.

To

To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can, by sympathy, impart
It's likeness, to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay
 Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.

He

Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sovereign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness, he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to it's own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The Wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;

Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
 Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard ;
 But man, the wildest beast of prey,
 Wears friendship's semblance to betray ;
 His strength against the weak employs,
 And where he should protect, destroys.

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
 His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd ;
 The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
 The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
 Sudden the furious winds arise,
 The jarring casement shatter'd flies ;
 The doors admit a hollow sound,
 And rattling from their hinges bound ;

Whene

When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Can't thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee I did elect,
My sacred temple to protect,

That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe.
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears, nor eyes ;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.

I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made ;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes ;

O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to save his soul.

The Doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case ;
Prescribes and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war ;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast ?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee ?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others faults excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians for the body's aid;
The foldier guarded liberty;
Man, woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
'Till HARDWICK sooth'd her into grace.

That light is false, and false is light.

The ^uexposed shade is light.

If virtue from the world is light.

Will other minds be the light.

If a candle of the light is light.

And so the light is light.

The light is light is light.

And so the light is light.

If all the light is light.

That is the light is light.

How can the light be light.

And so the light is light.

What is the light is light.

That is the light is light.

So the light is light is light.

The light is light is light.



F A B L E IX.

The FARMER, *the* SPANIEL, *and*
the CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?

I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,

But did I say she equall'd you?

Can't I another's face commend,

Or to her virtues be a friend,

But instantly your forehead lours,

As if her merit lessen'd yours?

From female envy never free,

All must be blind because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,

The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs.

Then tell me where the wood-bine grows,

That vies in sweetness with the rose?

Or where the lilly's snowy white,

That throws such beauties on the fight?

Yet folly is it to declare,

That these are neither sweet, nor fair.

The crystal shines with fainter rays,

Before the di'monds brighter blaze;

And sops will say, the di'mond dies

Before the lustre of your eyes:

But I, who deal in truth, deny

That neither shine when you are by.

When

When zephirs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

AS at his board a farmer fate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,

His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food ;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd ;
Till fated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share ;
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And strait the fat'ning morsel threw :
Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy, spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat ;
Me, zeal and industry enflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game ;

Or,

Or, plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;
For this, his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?

I own (with meekness Puffs reply'd)

Superiour merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompenc'd so well;

Yet

Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secure the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

Vol. 1, 1860

Contributions to the History of...

Notes on the History of...

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F A B L E X.

The SPIDER, and the BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public
streets,

And sets her cap at all she meets,

May catch the fool who turns to stare,

But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,

With filken line, my Lydia stood,

I smil'd to see the pains you took,

To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.

Along

Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread ;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Left, heedless, we approach'd too near ?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood ?
And think you with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart ?

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,

Which

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire ;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop ; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike ;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

BENEATH a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch ;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.

Within

Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more ;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most
Is all the conquest thou can'st boast ;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to gaze ;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze.

Attracts

Attracts not me ; where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie ;
Reluctant, she my ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fewel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

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F A B L E XI.

The YOUNG LION and the APE.

TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I listen not to wild delights,
And transports of expected nights;
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteness of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquisition more,
To keep contention from the door?

Yes ; pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.

Sense, and good-humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex ;
Coquetting it with every ape,
That struts abroad in human shape ;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it sting's your lover's breast ;
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife,

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant,

Reluctant, hear the first address,
 Think often, ere you answer, yes;
 But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
 And wear your wishes in your eyes,
 With caution ev'ry look forbear,
 That might create one jealous fear,
 A lover's ripening hopes confound,
 Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
 Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
 Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
 For fools alone with rigour sway,
 When soon, or late, they must obey.

THE king of brutes, in life's decline,
 Resolv'd dominion to resign;

The beasts were summon'd to appear,

And bend before the royal heir.

They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd

Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper monkey, pert and vain,

Step'd forth, and thus address'd the train,

Why cringe my friends with slavish awe,

Before this pageant king of straw?

Shall we anticipate the hour,

And ere we feel it, own his pow'r?

The counfels of experience prize,

I know the maxims of the wise;

Subjection let us cast away,

And live the monarchs of to-day;

'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,

And play the tyrant each in turn.

So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.

The youthful Lion thus reply'd.

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?

Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?

Or teach the grateful breast to glow,

The hand to give, or eye to flow?

Learn'd in the practice of their schools;

From women thou hast drawn thy rules;

To them return; in such a cause,

From only such expect applause;

The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those, who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind ;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt ;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives ;
Or, for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest, scorn for scorn.

The first (ex 1) don't contain

For this table, which are there

Should I have the same as the first

In the second part, there is a list

Good things, which are the same

And the same is the case for the third

It is the same as the first

The next four items are received

Of the first and second, all return

And the same is the case for the fourth



F A B L E XII.

The COLT, and the FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averſe, ſo coy to man ?
Did nature, lavifh of her care,
From her beſt pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cauſe,
Should mock her gifts, and ſpurn her laws ?
And, miſer-like, with-hold that ſtore,
Which, by imparting, bleſſes more ?

Beauty's a gift, by heaven assign'd
The portion of the female kind ;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands ;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal ?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love ?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms,
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty once possess'd ;

How

How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And failing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind?
Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;

Of

Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where e'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last ;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise ;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer ;
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat ;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease, all night he lay ;
The servants rose at break of day ;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back must bear the pond'rous load ;

In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil ;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the foil ;
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am ! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my fires of yore,
The prize from every courser bore ;
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.

Now

Now lasting servitude's my lot,
 My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot,
 Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
 A living death, from year to year.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 discussion of the problem. It is shown that the
 problem is equivalent to a problem in the theory of
 differential equations. The second part of the paper
 is devoted to a detailed study of the problem in the
 case of a certain class of functions. It is shown that
 the problem is solvable in this case. The third part
 of the paper is devoted to a study of the problem in
 the case of a certain class of functions. It is shown
 that the problem is solvable in this case. The fourth
 part of the paper is devoted to a study of the problem
 in the case of a certain class of functions. It is shown
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 in the case of a certain class of functions. It is shown
 that the problem is solvable in this case.

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J. Grayman inv. & del.

C. Mosley sculp.

F A B L E XIII.

The OWL, and the NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the mistress' humour right,
 See if her maids are clean and tight;
 If Betty waits without her stays,
 She copies but her lady's ways.
 When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
 And drops no curt'fy, going out,
 Depend upon't, mamma is one,
 Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst asswage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts, and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet, to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants ;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground ;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of foul ;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read ;

Foul linen, petticoats, and lace

Fill up the intermediate space.

Abroad, at visitings, her tongue

Is never still, and always wrong ;

All meanings she defines away,

And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.

 If e'er she meets a gentle heart,

Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,

Who makes her family her care,

And builds contentment's temple there,

She starts at such mistakes in nature,

And cries, lord help us!—what a creature !

 Melissa, if the moral strike,

You'll find the fable not unlike.

 An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,

Lov'd learning better than his meat ;

Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art, and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste,
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance, and noise?
Be wise. True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go, read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,

With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little Warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance, and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing, protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;

Make

Make short the weary trav'ler's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men, and birds I claim applause ;
While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

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A
4

T A B L E

Table showing the weight of the
And within the foot's length
This shall weigh water, and for
From man, and here I clear
While, and in the body and
An Oat is several times the

T A B L E



F A B L E XIV.

The SPARROW, and the DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
 Upon an April's blithsome day,
 When pleasure, ever on the wing,
 Return'd, companion of the spring,
 And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat,
 Instructing little hearts to beat;
 A sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
 Of bold address, and flippant tongue,

Just

Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a faucy ease, bow'd round.

For every she his bosom burns,
And this, and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows, and dem-me's skill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;

No,

No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better ;
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day ;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd hebrew in her ear ;
A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!--pray Sir, explain your meaning--
Go prate to those, that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!--I'll assure ye!—

Then

Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying——you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met ;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious, on the joy.

Hist, love !—the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while, I fear we're spy'd.
Nor was the caution vain ; he saw
A Turtle, rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle fire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should

Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!

Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by blifs convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess,
Enervates every pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the blifs above,
And, life! what art thou, without love?

Our

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue, rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloistered, moaping life?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;

That

That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other—
The greatest ill in the creation,
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye?—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time, by circling blifs, we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wife, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;

I own, the fondness to be blest'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast ;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more ;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation ;
Where brats, and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage ;

H

That

That sly decoy, with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs ;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life ;
The only method of forecasting,
'To make misfortune firm, and lasting ;
'The sin, by heav'n's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd, through a life's repentance.

It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills, that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me !

Give Me frank nature's wild demesnee,
And boundless tract of air serene,

Where

Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddesses of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so——and then, Sir,
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;

But pray, Sir, how do You contrive it?

Do those of your world never wive it?

“ No, no,” How then? “ Why, dare I tell,

“ What does the bus’nefs full as well.”

Do you né’er love? “ An hour at leifure.”

Have you no friendships? “ Yes, for pleasure.”

No care for little ones? “ We get ’em,

“ The rest the mothers mind, and let ’em.”

Thou wretch, rejoind the kindling Dove,

Quite lost to life, as lost to love!

When’er misfortune comes, how just!

And come misfortune surely must;

In the dread season of difmay,

In that, your hour of trial, say,

Who then shall prop your sinking heart?

Who bear affliction’s weightier part?

Say

Say, when the black-brow'd welken bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year ;
For times, at no persuasion, stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May ;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That foul of pertness, whither fled ?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandoned, and unblest'd ;
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side ;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night ;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;

Touch'd

Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came ;
Each atom fought its separate class,
Through many a fair, enamour'd mass ;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the sky,
First train'd their bridal pomp on high ;
The sun display'd his orb to fight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd ;
Forth came the oak, her first born heir
And scal'd the breathing steep of air ;
Then infant stems of various use,
Imbib'd her soft, maternal juice ;

The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd ;
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd ;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form, and hue ;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground,

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd ;
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind,
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there ;

On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone ;
There clasp'd the heav'n appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast,
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent blifs abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his feat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and spirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give ;

Like

Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade,
But as the stem, and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan, and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and descends,

Which

Which, by apparent windings led,

We trace to its celestial head.

The fire, first springing from above,

Becomes the source of life and love,

And gives his filial heir to flow,

In fondness down on sons below :

Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,

To time's extremest verge they glide,

While kindred streams, on either hand,

Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch ! no lisping babe shall name,

No late-returning brother claim,

No kinsman on thy road rejoice,

No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,

With partial eyes no parents see,

And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace,
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side,
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving pow'r! great source of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those, from whom my days I drew,
To these, in whom those days renew,

To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;
O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.

When

When he with graceful action wooes,
And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And in my circling wings carefs'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes, with blisful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose,
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him, with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.

Let one unruffled, calm delight,
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick drop'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat;

Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest d
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome-sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round,
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The fire, his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
While, all collected at the fight,
And silent through supreme delight,

The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord, and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little flights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he saw, what only seem'd,
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In secret wish'd a turtle too,
And sighing to himself, withdrew.

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The first part of this paper
 will be devoted to a description
 of the general character of the
 country, and to a notice of the
 principal towns, and of the
 principal occupations of the
 inhabitants. In the second
 part, we shall give a more
 particular account of the
 principal towns, and of the
 principal occupations of the
 inhabitants. In the third
 part, we shall give a more
 particular account of the
 principal towns, and of the
 principal occupations of the
 inhabitants.

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J. Rayman inv. et del.

L. P. Ravenet sculp.

F A B L E X V.

The FEMALE SEDUCERS.

TIS said of widow, maid and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life;
 Unhappy sex! who only claim
 A being, in the breath of fame,
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales,
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncur'd to his way,
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure;
 But woman! no redemption knows,
 The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,
 In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
 Her swifter folly flies before;
 The circling ports against her close,
 And shut the wand'rer from repose;
 'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
 Her found'ring pinnance sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone
 For but a single error?—None.
 Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
 No daughter of celestial mold,
 Her temp'ring not without allay,
 And form'd but of the finer clay,
 We challenge from the mortal dame
 The strength angelic natures claim;
 Nay more; for sacred stories tell
 That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
 Of humid earth, and ambient air,
 With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,

The moon repletes her waining face,
 All-beauteous, from her late disgrace,
 And suns, that mourn approaching night,
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time subdue,
 While nature mints her race anew,
 And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
 'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
 To cloathe a naked world in green,
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
 Again the gates of life unfold,
 Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring,
 Again from every latent root
 The bladed stem, and tendrils shoot,

Exhaling

Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire,
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste, and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?

No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
 Pity may mourn, but not restore,
 And woman falls, to rise no more.

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies—no matter where;
 The clime may readily be found
 By all, who tread poetic ground,
 A stream, call'd life, across it glides,
 And equally the land divides;
 And here, of vice the province lies,
 And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,

An antient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect, as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine,
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just opening to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;

Her

Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And nature yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen,
 Her parents up the mountain's head,
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd:

O! joyful cause of many a care!
 O! daughter too divinely fair!
 Yon world, on this important day,
 Demands thee to a dang'rous way;

A painful

A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wife,
And learn what love, and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue, and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleasure smoothly spread,

But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with chearful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lightened of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
 And near the bright, celeftial ſhore,
 A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
 Appears, of either world the bound,
 Thro' darkneſs, leading up to light;
 Senſe backwards ſhrinks, and ſhuns the fight;
 For there the tranſitory train,
 Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
 And matter's groſs, incumb'ring maſs,
 Man's late associates, cannot paſs,
 But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
 And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
 Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
 And mingles with eternal day.
 Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed,
 Tho' pleaſure charm, or pain impede;

To

To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;

While

While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes,
The scenes of fairy-land arise ;
The puppet-world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow,
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain,
Till verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare ;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,

For

For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward, our young advent'rer pass'd,
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck the much admiring-crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,

Gaz'd with an ever new delight; for they, lost
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight; for they
 For not of earth's unequal frame
 They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
 If matter, sure the most refin'd,
 High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
 Some darling daughter of the day,
 And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,
 And thousands, where she moves, attend;
 Her ways observant eyes confess,
 Her steps pursuing praises bless;
 While to the elevated Maiden
 Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever blithsome day,
 The jovial birth of rosy May,

When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dies;
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free
Springs out, and gives a loose tongue;
And now for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.
Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay,

And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below ;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense ;
No founts of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the blest'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung.

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told ;

Taste what extasies they give,
Dying raptures taste and live.

In thy lap, disdain'g measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

Lift not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry, and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise,
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmly bowl,
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,

Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting

With enjoyment, past the painting;

Fairest, do thou yet delay?

Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,

Upon the false Ausonian shore;

And O! for that preventing chain,

That bound Ulysses on the main,

That so our Fair One might withstand

The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,

When now the tempters stood in view;

Curiosity, with prying eyes,

And hands of busy, bold emprise;

Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,

And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.

By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd,
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
 And but in expectation blest'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
 Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
 Her mein, all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing wings around.
 As erst Medusa's looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone,
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
 Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;

No safety ev'n the flying find,

Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,

While distant, more than half betray'd.

With smiles, and adulation bland,

They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;

Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,

Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;

While half consenting, half denying,

Reluctant now, and now complying,

Amidst a war of hopes, and fears,

Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,

Still down, and down, the winning Pair

Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound

To blest Arabia's distant ground,

Borne from her courfes, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
 Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous fand;
 The pilot warns with fail and oar,
 To fhun the much fufpected fhore,
 In vain; the tide, too fubtly ftrong,
 Still bears the wrefling bark along,
 'Till found'ring, fhe refigns to fate,
 And finks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to fin,
 And heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
 Along the devious, fmooth defcent,
 With pow'rs increafing as they went,
 The Dames accuftom'd to fubdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,

HT

And

And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;

Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, restor'd;

Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The servant of her better fate,

With honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend, and handmaid, now no more;

Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;

But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Remembring, you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light,

Fast fled the conscious shades of night;

The Damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to oar,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
 But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
 Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone,
 Within, without, obscure, and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.

And,

And, O thou curs'd, infidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou can't boast?
These, virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!

Her trumpet slander rais'd on high,
And told the tydings to the sky;
Contempt discharged a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach~~W~~ breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And foil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side,

And

And ev'ry lewd, insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,

Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n, not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluencé divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,

Whom

Whom should mortality survey,
 As doom'd upon a certain day,
 The breath of frailty must expire,
 The world dissolve in living fire,
 The gems of heav'n, and solar flame
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
 And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
 To rise a new-born phœnix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
 A veil around her form she threw,
 Which three sad sisters of the shade
 Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
 Attentive from her station high,
 Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
 The ruins of her fav'rite fair;

And

And with a voice, whose awful sound
 Appal'd the guilty world around,
 Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
 To number's bow'd each list'ning hill,
 Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
 The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
 And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
 Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
 Come, thy sister angels say
 Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
 'Twixt the good, and evil try'd,
 In the smooth, enchanted ground,
 Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
 Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
 Down, that anchors on the air,
 Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
 While the storm impends on high,
 Showing, in an obvious glass,
 Joys that in possession pass ;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
 Flatt'ring, only to betray ;
 What, alas, can life contain !
 Life ! like all it's circles——vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
 On the billow build her nest ?
 Will the bee demand his store
 From the bleak, and bladeless shore ?

Man

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a scepter, grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
 Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
 From an universe deprav'd,
 From the wreck of nature sav'd.]

Like the life-supporting grain,
 Fruit of patience, and of pain,
 On the swain's autumnal day,
 Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
 Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
 Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
 More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
 Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
 Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
 Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

Mere delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleasure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes, that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

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J. Hayman inv. et delin.

S. F. Ravenot Sculp.

F A B L E XVI.

LOVE *and* VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their
bloom,

Up with the sun, from short repose,

Gay health, and lusty labour rose,

The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,

And shepherds whistled o'er the dale ;

When Love, who led a rural life,

Remote from bustle, state, and strife,

Forth from his thatch'd-roof'd cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glâde.

A Nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
 To quick attention turn'd his eye,
 He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
 Her self-sufficient grace and air,
 Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
 Her study'd negligence, and ease;
 And curious to enquire what meant
 This thing of prettiness, and paint,
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
 The Lady, slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
 Fair one, you do the country grace;
 At court, no doubt, the public care,
 But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes,

Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride, and pomp forego.
My Name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centers;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts, and graces,
And model fools, for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives it's weight, and measure,
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails,

And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts, and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolicks, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide:
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love, and meekness sway'd,
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong,
And chastity, of icy mold,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowliness, to whose mild brow,
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright?
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,

In unaffected conduct free,
 All smiling sisters, three times three,
 And rosy peace, the cherub blest'd,
 That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
 From the first step of infant time,
 Woman, the world's appointed light,
 Has skirted ev'ry shade with white,
 Has stood for imitation high,
 To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
 From antient deeds of fair renown,
 Has brought her bright memorials down;
 To time affix'd perpetual youth,
 And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
 She moulds the essence of a man,

Tempers

Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
And like coarse metal from the mines;
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science, she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul,

Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light, and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere, by heav'n assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my Word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!

Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion furer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for softning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Tractless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,

A moon,

A moon, still changing, and revolving,

A riddle, past all human solving.

A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,

A——something, that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,

But keep your council, and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,

Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,

'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,

And ev'ry woman is the same.

For as the world however vary'd,

And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,

Of elemental modes, and forms,

Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms,

Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,

Is of one subject matter made ;

So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms, and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste of all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise,
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mein,
The little goddess, and the queen,

Takes

Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of addulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress, becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the floating lappet sail
Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numbering every beauty o'er
In secret bids the world adore.

Then,

Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading ;
For balls, plays, courts, and crouds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion ;
For woman's sense of right, and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng ;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims, the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects ;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wisest acquisition,
And ev'n from pity, and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form, and feature,
The wealth, and wants of female nature,

And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fewel to my fire ;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues, which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre ?
From native honour, and devotion ?

O yes, a mighty likely notion ?

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes finners ;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe ;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher,

And

And virtue, so extremely nice,
 Demands long toil, and mighty price ;
 Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
 I bear the sex's tott'ring state,
 Sap these, and in a moment's space,
 Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles, and from toys,
 I spring, the fount of female joys ;
 In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
 The sole artificer of blifs ;
 From them each tropic I explore,
 I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore ;
 To them uniting Indias fail,
 Sabæa breathes her farthest gale :
 For them the bullion I refine,
 Dig sense, and virtue from the mine,

And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor blifs alone my pow'rs beftow,
They hold the fovereign balm of woe ;
Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
I footh the heavings of the heart ;
To pain give fplendor, and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace, and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign ;
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Tafte, talents, tempers, ftate, and ftation,
Whate'er a woman fays, I fay ;
Whate'er a woman fpend, I pay ;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery, and rags,

With light coquets thro' folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you, and I,
That things were ripe for a reply——
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress, and motion,

Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,

Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,

Soften the voice, and in the face

Look melting harmony, and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,

Nor quits her in her latest hour ;

The couch of decent pain I spread,

In form recline her languid head,

Her thoughts I methodize in death,

And part not, with her parting breath ;

Then do I set, in order bright,

A length of funeral pomp to fight,

The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,

The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier ;

And last, presenting to her eye

Angelic fineries on high,

To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n the hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay,
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted,
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.

O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!

The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old ;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction ?
Some she evades, or disfavours,
Demurs to all, and none allows ;

A kind

A kind of antient thing call'd fables !
And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye ;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arrived in view
A Goddess, whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heav'ns autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene ;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related,
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion :
When thus the Goddess, answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I !
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you ;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one, whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew ;

For

For both, still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of in experienc'd gait, and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world, beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence soon may be decided ;
Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.

Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our goddesses seem'd contented,
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,

And

And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view ;
As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to fight,
A world of charms till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone ;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers ev'ry fond desire.

F I N I S.







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